

The State Journal

Official Paper of the City of Topeka.

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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GREATEST IN KANSAS.

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION:
8,806

For the three full summer months of 1894 an increase of over fifty per cent in one year.

OUR PROOF.

The issues of the TOPEKA DAILY STATE JOURNAL for the three months, viz. from the 1st day of June, 1894, to the 31st day of August, 1894, inclusive, have been as follows:

DAY	June	July	August
1	8,400	8,400	8,400
2	8,312	8,730	8,670
3	8,442	8,660	8,660
4	8,348	8,702	8,609
5	8,280	8,720	8,720
6	8,290	8,960	8,680
7	8,290	8,960	8,730
8	8,460	8,740	8,740
9	8,320	8,720	8,720
10	8,320	8,902	8,752
11	8,250	8,740	8,690
12	8,648	8,920	8,748
13	8,648	8,920	8,748
14	8,648	8,920	8,748
15	8,478	8,940	8,547
16	8,320	8,920	8,588
17	8,302	8,938	8,570
18	8,302	8,980	8,562
19	8,328	8,910	8,529
20	8,410	8,900	8,502
21	8,390	8,908	8,500
22	8,488	8,892	8,500
23	8,420	8,892	8,502
24	8,436	8,998	8,572
25	8,478	8,992	8,408
26	8,478	8,992	8,408
27	8,490	8,992	8,408
28	8,490	8,992	8,408
29	8,490	8,992	8,408
30	8,490	8,992	8,408
31	8,490	8,992	8,408
Totals	252,508	281,172	281,208

Sunday: no issue.
The total number of copies printed in the three months named above, 695,679, divided by 79, the number of issues, shows the average to be 8,806. This is a correct report of the issues of the TOPEKA DAILY STATE JOURNAL for the three months as stated.

(Signed) *Frank P. MacLennan*
Editor and Proprietor.
Sworn to and subscribed, Sept. 11, 1894,
S. M. GARDENIER,
Clerk of the District Court,
Shawnee County, Kansas.

Weather Indications.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—Forecast for Kansas: Fair and colder tonight; Saturday fair and warmer. Northwest winds 24 hours.

The Newton Republican has formally declared Joseph W. Ady's candidacy for United States senator.

TOPEKA is so poor it cannot afford a city engineer, but they have lots of money to spend on a ratification.—Leavenworth Times.

We have more fun out of our ratification than we do out of our city engineer.

The Pullman Palace Car company goes right along paving its quarterly dividend of 2 per cent with its accustomed regularity, regardless of the hard times or the great strike last summer. The poor stockholders must be cared for though the workmen starve.

TOPEKA has discovered that Dr. Holmes is dead, and the citizens have just passed resolutions of regret.—Leavenworth Times.

This mistake comes from the overworked editor of the Times reading items by their headlines only. The Dr. Holmes referred to in the Topeka papers was an esteemed merchant of this city, not the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

The cost of the czar's illness and his funeral is estimated at about \$7,500,000. A sum like that judiciously expended would probably have saved the lives of very many of Russia's common people, and the czar is of no more importance than they, now. More of the "greatest good to the greatest number" principle could be applied with benefit in Russia and in many other places as well.

With all due respect to our Republican contemporaries who are still pounding the Pops as if they were the last days of October, it is time to slow up. Sometimes you can jump so hard on a man who is down that you raise him to a bigger battle than ever again. The Republicans' duty is to reverse Mrs. Lease's figurative advice and raise more corn.—Abilene Reflector.

As the children say when they quit awinging, "Let the old cat die."

Mrs. LEASE proposes to start a newspaper in Topeka, it is said. Mrs. Lease is not as interesting when she writes as when she talks. She once told a friend that when she takes a pen in her hand, her thoughts seem to leave her, but when she rises to speak, language comes to her easily and naturally. Mrs. Lease is merely an ordinary writer, but in her oratory she rises to first rank. It is doubtful if her venture in journalistic fields will be successful.

An explanation is given in the Hays City Sentinel why Ellis county went Democratic and for woman suffrage at the same time. The Sentinel says: "When Overmyer was here and spoke in the grove near Hays, he made a grand push against the prohibition amendment. Undoubtedly many of our Ellis county voters mistook the suffrage amendment for free liquor and voted it heavy. This was the reason why the suffrage amendment carried in this distinguished old Democratic county."

The Social Purity club of Topeka takes up every woman with a cloud over her, and uses her to beat some man over

the head with. After beating the man, the club drops the woman. There are instances where the woman is in the wrong, but this club, being composed of advanced women, will not take that view of it.—Atchison Globe.

There ought to be little sympathy to waste on the man who gets beat over the head. The woman has had the worst of it for centuries; it is time the gender should get the sauce as well as the goose.

TOPEKA is full of Republicans who want places, and the pressure is already at work to enjoy the fruits of their victory as much as the law or their power will permit. The first man to say he wants a place is O. S. Hiatt of Leavenworth, who wants to be warden of the penitentiary.—Norton Champion.

Topeka probably does not have more than her share of claimants for official honors. Not a county in the state but has its full quota of aspirants. Some method of elimination will have to be adopted before Major Morrill can even begin his work of selection.

The name of Bob Lincoln has been suggested for the United States senatorship from Illinois. Bob's name is always being suggested for some important position apparently without any effort on his part. The only reason for this seems to be that he is the son of his father. He seems to be a quiet unassuming citizen himself without political aspirations and if he has done anything to warrant this continual thrusting him forward for political preferment the country has failed to hear of it. The chances are that he doesn't want any office anyway.

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Cowhick, of Kinley, came within one letter of being a mighty serious thing.

The Merry-Go-Round club of Junction City is the principal thing there in social circles.

W. C. Edwards, of St. Paul, for whom Edwards county was named, has been visiting in Kinley.

A Seneca man said: "There is a joint for every church in Seneca and what this town needs is waterworks."

Good times and restored confidence have reached Dodge City in the shape of new electric lights that resume business this week.

Hutchinson grain men are furnishing Barton county farmers with seed wheat and contracting for one quarter of the crop as payment.

The "Grandmother's Memories" tabular entertainment sent Junction City is expected to bring some favorite jokes into strong relief.

Fame is a feeding thing, but some people must have it. A Kinley man owns a horse which is third cousin to General Custer's buckskin charger.

The country about South Haven is so fertile and the weather so mild that second growth pears, peaches and apples have been raised there this fall.

One of the late candidates in Washington county posed as a Methodist preacher in religious precincts and as a brewer in the Democratic precincts.

The county superintendent of Hamilton county has done such good work that it takes half a column of resolutions to sound his praises upon his retirement.

"In Evidence" has penetrated as far west as Great Bend, and it is hoped that it will get beyond the range of irrigation it will perish on the wind swept prairies.

A Rev. Mr. Hoggins has been lecturing to the people of Sabetha on "Christian Statesmanship," but the great truth for which the people yearn is how to fill the coal bin.

The Missouri Pacific has dispensed with its night operator at Great Bend, and night passengers can't tell the town is there without sticking their heads out of the windows.

One store at Arkansas City has become so famed for its women employees getting married that the proprietor has to spend half his time attending to applications for positions.

An Atchison preacher is said to keep his congregation awake by calling out the names of the nodding ones, which so punctuates his discourse with names that it sounds like a roll call.

Chantelle Vidette Times: A Gaylord school boy drew a picture of his teacher on the sidewalk and got whipped for it. The teacher said he didn't mind it, but the thing was scaring people to death.

PULLMAN WILL REPLY.

Will Make a Statement of More Weight Than the Commissioners', He Says.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—George M. Pullman started on his return journey last night for Chicago by the 6 o'clock limited over the Pennsylvania railway. He had a long business day down town, and held conferences with railway men in his office in the Mills building during the afternoon.

He would not discuss the strike commissioners' report, not, he said, that he is unwilling or afraid to do so, but because he has many documents and statistics in Chicago which will enable him to make a statement that will carry more weight than an off-hand talk, or the reports of Carroll D. Wright, John D. Kernan or Nicholas E. Worthington.

Mr. Pullman will devote much of his time after his return to Chicago to preparing a reply to the commissioners' report. This will be made public as soon as Mr. Pullman has completed and revised it.

A PLACE FOR WILSON.

If Judge Goff Is Made Senator, Cleveland Can Give His Friend a Place.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 16.—Mr. Stephen B. Elkins, ex-secretary of war, referring to the candidacy of Judge Nathan Goff of West Virginia, for senator, said he had not heard directly or indirectly from Judge Goff or any of his friends that Judge Goff intends to enter the contest. "It is almost certain to follow," he continued, "that if Judge Goff is selected, President Cleveland will appoint Mr. William L. Wilson as his successor on the bench."

Persevered to Quit Her New Husband.

DEATH THREE WAYS.

THE THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A PROSPECTOR.

He Was Attacked by a Centipede, a Grizzly Bear and a Crow Indian—An Escape That Was Little Short of the Miraculous He Got the Bear's Hide.

"I had some pretty close calls in the old days fighting Indians and bears single handed," says Colonel Burrows of Montana, "but once I was cornered by a grizzly, a centipede and a Crow Indian, and getting out of that corner I had the closest shave of my life, I guess. I was prospecting along the foot of the Rockies one summer."

"One morning I started to follow up a small ravine that I had discovered the day before, along the banks of which were some very scant outcroppings of silver. I got so interested in examining specimens of rock that I pushed on, quite forgetful of time and distance, until a feeling of emptiness warned me that it was noon.

"It was a hot day, and when I had finished my dinner I was sleepy. I lay down in the shade of a tree to take a short nap, knowing that I would wake up in less than an hour, which would give me plenty of time to get back to camp before dark. I took off my coat and put it under my head, rolled up the sleeves of my flannel shirt and made myself as comfortable as possible. I had been asleep possibly 15 minutes when a peculiar tickling sensation on my right arm caused me to wake suddenly. Fortunately for me I did not spring up with a start.

"Opening my eyes, I looked first at my arm where I had felt the tickling. As I did so my heart stopped beating for a minute, it seemed to me, and I felt a cold sweat starting out of every pore. Half way up my arm was a full grown centipede crawling around on the bare flesh.

"I could see the venomous insect without even turning my eyeballs, and I lay perfectly still. How I did it I don't know. It seemed to me that there was a ton of weight on my chest holding me down, and although it was a scorching hot day, I was soon as cold as if I had been lying in an icebox. The centipede would crawl to where my shirt sleeve was rolled up, then crawl all around the arm, back to the wrist and then back again. He must have made the circuit 30 times, and the strain on my nerves was telling on me fast.

"Suddenly a new danger appeared before my staring eyes. I heard a rustling of leaves, and a moment later a huge brown bear, gaunt and hungry looking, walked out of the bushes and came straight toward me.

"Then I gave myself up for good, and half closing my eyes I tried to think of a prayer to say. The bear walked straight up to me, and beginning at my foot began to smell and push me with his nose. The centipede saw the bear coming and crawled around on the under side of my arm and stopped. Every instant I expected to feel the sharp sting of the insect, and I was trying to nerve myself up to let the bear finish me in short order rather than suffer the torture of the slower death.

"But the bear looked me over, pushed my arms and legs about and licked my face. Still the centipede did not move. The bear stood there for several minutes. It seemed to me, but at last appeared to make up his mind that I was dead, and he would leave me to the coyotes. Then he turned and lumbered off in the same direction from which he had come.

"But the danger centipede was still on my arm, and by this time I was so weak as to be in danger of rolling over in utter collapse. Then a sudden warning of a new danger gave my nerves another shock.

"The bear had gone less than 50 feet away when I heard the sharp crack of a rifle on the other side of me, heard the hiss of a bullet as it flew over me and saw a bunch of fur fly from the side of the bear. The animal had been hit just back of the left shoulder, but the bullet did not even knock him down. With a growl of rage, the big shaggy monster turned and came toward me with a rush.

"I was certain that the shot had been fired by an Indian, and if there was any faint hope of escape lingering in my breast before it rapidly vanished. The centipede had been startled by the shot and was now running down my bare arm.

"I quickly made up my mind that if my time had come I had rather be shot by an Indian or torn to pieces by the bear than to be stung to death by the centipede. With a bound I sprang to my feet, and to my intense relief the centipede dropped from my arm to the ground, outstretched its legs and began to crawl away as I rose, and when I got to my feet the bear was so close I did not have time to stoop and get it. In fact it was only by a quick leap to one side that I escaped the clutch of the grizzly as he rose to his hind feet and made a lunge at me with paws outstretched and mouth wide open.

"As I leaped aside and faced about I caught sight of a murderous looking Crow Indian, who stood, rifle in hand, not less than 30 yards away. The Indian was evidently not aware of my presence until I jumped up from the ground, and had his rifle raised for a second shot at the bear. He was so startled by my sudden appearance that he lowered his rifle, and instead of taking a shot at me ran away as fast as he could go.

"But I was not yet out of danger by any means. The pain of his wound made the bear frantic. Growling furiously, he turned and made another rush at me. He was now between me and my rifle, and my only weapon was a long hunting knife, which I carried in my belt. Glancing back over my shoulder for a second, I discovered another and serious danger. I was within 20 feet of the bank of the ravine, which was directly behind me. A stumble or slip of the foot would carry me over the brink, which meant a fall of 100 feet, to strike on the rocks below.

"As I dodged about to avoid the savage rushes of the animal I kept getting nearer the brink of the ravine. Finally I stood on the very edge of it, with the bear facing me 20 feet away. Again he rose on his hind feet and came to me, with a vicious growl. I stood until I could almost feel his hot breath in my face. Then, ducking to avoid his outstretched fore legs, I sprang quickly to one side.

"My plan of escape was a success. The momentum of the big brute was such that he could not stop in time, and he plunged headlong over the bank and tumbled to the bottom of the ravine. I heard him strike the rocks 100 feet below with a thud, and then as I realized that I was safe I dropped to the ground as limp as a wet rag. I was as weak as a baby from the effects of the strain on my nerve, and it was nearly an hour before I was strong enough to pick up my rifle and start back to camp.

"With my two companions to help me I went up the ravine the next day and secured the hide of the bear."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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DREAD U. S. SECURITIES.

Germans Are Afraid to Invest in American Railway Stocks Any More.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Frank H. Mason, United States consul general at Frankfurt, in a special report to the state department, states that American railway securities have fallen into bad odor in Germany, and he endeavors to point out the reasons therefor and suggests measures for rehabilitating them in the financial world.

He says that in Frankfurt, which was the first European money market to accept United States bonds during the dark days of the war and in which American investments had been popular, not only are our new securities refused because of American origin, but these railroad bonds and stocks had for years been returned to America and their proceeds invested in less remunerative Prussian consols and other standard securities backed by government credit and supervision.

The consul general says: "The cloud which overshadowed American railway securities in Germany has been raised mainly by the revelations of the past two years concerning the management of several leading railway properties. German investors were heavy losers and their losses served to call the attention of the people and press more sharply than ever before to the usurpations of power and evasion of responsibility which, it is claimed, have become so numerous.

"European bond and shareholders have been informed that the power of the president and directors in many important railway companies has become practically omnipotent and irresponsible. They have sent over protests and proxies to be used at elections for the purpose of wresting the control of corporate properties from the hands of officers who were said to be abusing their trusts, and they have seen these and every other effort toward a change easily and hopelessly defeated.

"That the accounts of an entire railway system may be falsified and its securities sustained in the market by fictitious statements of earnings and concealment of rebates—all of which is believed here—are discoveries of comparatively recent date.

"The uniform reply of the German financiers, when asked what is requisite to restore European confidence in American railway securities, is that such corporations should be brought under the control of a comprehensive federal law."

Consul General Mason says that the German railroad license system is not applicable in its entirety to America, but adds in conclusion:

"It is believed by many whose experience and interests in both countries entitle their opinions to respect, that it should be possible to frame and adopt a statute applicable to at least all railway companies of the class now subject to the interstate commerce law, and which shall be clear, precise and inexorable upon the following topics:

"First.—The regulation of the election of railway officers, so that such elections shall be free, open and representative, and fairly the wishes and interests of security holders.

"Second.—Creation of a national bureau of publicity, inspection and control, providing for the regular publication at stated periods of certified reports, showing fully and accurately the earnings, expenses, acts of directors and all business results which affect the value of corporate property.

"Third.—Making each violation of law by an act of usurpation or wilful mismanagement a crime entailing imprisonment and requiring federal prosecution of officers to institute and conduct prosecutions for such offenses.

"Fourth.—Providing a thorough revision of the proceedings under which

courts of justice now appoint receivers to manage railroads and making the president or director of a defaulting corporation ineligible for appointment as a receiver of the same property.

CRIME RUNS RIOT.

The State of Affairs in the Indian Territory Simply Terrible.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 14.—In the opinion of Major C. E. Moore, a prominent attorney of this city who has just returned from a trip to the Indian territory where Bandit Bill Cook and his reckless and ravenous followers held sway, the situation in the territory is indescribable. There is practically no such thing as an enforcement of the law and the bandits are virtually unmolested in their appalling depredations. Major Moore spent several days at Muskogee and Fort Gibson, and he says the business men and property owners there are panic stricken at the complete commercial paralysis resultant from the reign of lawlessness.

Not half of the crimes committed find space in the newspapers; in fact the half has not been told of the terrible condition of affairs. Organized gangs go from place to place plundering right and left and adding murder to their catalogue of crimes when resistance is offered them.

Marshal Crump and his men are sparing no efforts to protect property and life, but they seem powerless to check the sway of the bandits. Major Moore says the situation is growing worse all the time. Crime is congenial to a heated per centage of territory population, hence there is, of course, strong opposition from a certain contingent to a change in the present run of things.

A PLACE FOR TALMAGE.

A Call May Be Extended Him From First Reform Church, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—There is some talk of a call being extended to the Rev. Dr. Talmage by the consistory of the First Reform church, Brooklyn.

The pulpit is now occupied by Rev. A. W. Mills, who has been requested by the members of the consistory to resign. The church is one of the largest in the eastern district and is entirely free from debt. Its members consist of many prominent business men and residents.

AGAIN ABOUT TO FALL.

Port Arthur Is About to Take Another of Its Usual Tumbles.

YOKOHAMA, Nov. 16.—Dispatches received here from the headquarters of the Japanese army operating against Port Arthur say that Field Marshal Oyama was expected to attack that place yesterday or today. The Chinese force defending Port Arthur is estimated to amount to 16,000 men of all arms.

LOCAL MENTION.

Capt. J. Lee Knight has compiled a neatly bound report of the corner stone laying of the new court house which is complete in every detail and makes a pretty souvenir for those who took part in the ceremonies or are otherwise interested in them.

Revival services begin at the Wesleyan Methodist church, corner Third and Jefferson streets, Sunday, Nov. 18th. The meetings will be conducted by Rev. S. H. Abbott and wife of S. C., who have been very successful in revival work. Rev. G. W. Cooper is the pastor of the church.

School shoes that will wear, at Furman's.

Prescott & Co. have removed to No. 115 West Eighth street.

Try Furman's \$3 Warranted Shoe.

Too Inquisitive.
Harold accompanies his mother on an afternoon call upon the elderly lady who has just moved in next door.

Mrs. Newcomer—And this is little Harold? Well, my little man, I hope that we shall be good friends.
Harold (impudently)—I want to see so 'little chickens.
Mrs. Newcomer—Why, I haven't any little chickens.
Harold—Where's so fezzers?
Mrs. Newcomer—Why, what does the child mean? I haven't any feathers.
Harold—Don't you see, 'cause I said it was a ole hen dat moved in dis house.—New York Herald.

Easy.
"Ten, you ask me to be your wife—to give you my heart, my all. Think well of what you say and then tell me if you will grant me one small favor."
"Anything you ask, my love."
"Then promise me that you will never smoke another cigar as long as you live."
"I promise, dear."
"And doesn't it cost you a pang?"
"Not a pang. I'd rather smoke a pipe any day."—The Bits.

A Slight Defect.
"You told me the parrot you sold me the other day could repeat everything it heard. Rubbish! Preach to it as I will, it remains as dumb as a fish."
"It is quite true I told you it would repeat everything it heard, but it hasn't heard anything. It is as deaf as a post."—Petit Journal Pour Rire.

A Breach in the Family.
Nodd—I had an awful row with my wife this morning over a silver penholder she suddenly gave me.
Todd—What was the trouble?
Nodd—She caught me using it.—Brooklyn Life.

The Old Woman Enough For Him.
"What do you think of the new woman?"
"I don't think of her at all. My old woman gives me all thinking to do that I've time for."—New York Press.

What He Lacked.
Kennard—I wish I were a rumor.
Lucie—Why so?
Kennard—So that I might gain currency.—Truth.

Prognostication.
"My corns seem to know when it is going to rain."
"Wise aschers, as it were."—Detroit Tribune.

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